

# Evil Genius

**Boldy James**

I just wish the bro was with me, yeah  
What else?

I'm done feeling, tryna sympathize for my thug livin'  
All I emphasize is the drug dealin'  
Shit that they gon' hold against me when I'm Grammy-nominated  
I just wish the bro was with me, look at all the time we wasted  
In the kitchen, whippin' 'caine, could've been took the game and dominated  
'Fore this street shit was overpopulated (It was)  
When you gettin' money, fuckin' hoes come with the territory (Yeah)  
Never tell my story, 'cause these bitches be too complicated (They do)  
Out of all these pushers from my ghetto, I'm the one that made it (I'm the o  
ne)  
But all these fraud niggas on top and I'm so underrated  
Just a couple questions in my mind that I want answers to (I ask myself)  
Bad bitch, legs crossed, readin' Maya Angelou (Mafia, what else?)  
Can't touch what you can't feel if it's not tangible  
Police know we Creatures, so they treat us like we animals (Biggest creature  
in the jungle)  
You think Blocks'll pull some shit like that? You never know  
Teenage Mutant in the whip, he spin like Michelangelo

For the hypes off of Fenkell, stuffin' pipes and them needles  
Rally stripes on the Regal, got more stripes than a Bengal  
Creased up without a wrinkle, drippin' ice and the sprinkles  
It ain't no mystery with me, my whole life been illegal  
Before that road life, I spent some long nights with the demons  
Sold dope my whole life, I slept some cold nights on the cement  
Stepped on the blow twice, they know that I'm an evil genius  
Real street nigga, clean-cut, but he mean business

I love hard, all that ever got me was a drug charge  
Risk my life to never see my son starve  
Never felt my daughter hurt  
Ever since the day her mother water burst  
I been stackin' hundreds with the watermark  
Rollin' off of Charlevoix, Royal Oak my Audemars  
Town was hot in Virginia, so we shot the bag to Bodymore (You know it)  
Shit was all a blur, went with my first mind  
Stay with that light behind tint behind these blurred lines  
Should've killed that nigga the first time  
The most premeditated, out of all these killers, we the worst kind (Real spi  
ll)  
In like a second and a half, this bitch shoot thirty times  
Run everything in 7-6 from North and 39 (Drug zone)  
All the way to Grand River; right before the scam-demic  
Everything goin' on, been had my hands in it  
Makin' snow angels with the flake, they know we playin' with it  
Run up in your spot with fifty guap and get to layin' niggas

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)

Stepped on the blow twice, they know that I'm an evil genius (Yeah)  
Real street nigga, clean-cut, but he mean business

Ayy  
Real street nigga, clean-cut, but he mean business  
Big business  
That's what we standing on  
Yeah  
Hell block, hully gully  
Drug zone, blockworks